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T H E
Famous and Remarkable
HISTORY
O F

Sir Richard Whittington,

Three Times LORD-MAYOR

O F
L O N D O N.

Who lived in the Time of King HENRY the Fifth.



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F L E E T

T H E

L I F E and D E A T H

O F

Sir Richard Whittington.

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HE Saying is not so old as true, *He that refuseth to buy Counsel cheap, shall buy Repentance dear*; neither let any mock a Man in his Misery, but rather beware by him how to avoid the like misfortune: If you intend to do any good, defer it not till the next Day, for thou knowest not what may happen over Night to prevent thee. Behold thy self in a Looking glass, if thou appearest beautiful, do such things as may become thy Beauty; but if thou seemest foul or deformed, let the actions of thy Life make good the splendor which thy Face lacketh. Tell not thy mind to every Man, make thy self in debt to no Man; be a Friend to few Men, be courteous to all Men; let thy Wit be thy Friend, thy Mind thy Companion, thy Tongue thy Servant; let Vertue be thy Life, Valour thy Love, Honour thy Fame, and Heaven thy Felicity. These Reader, are good Documents to follow; and I am now to present thee with a worthy President to imitate; observe his beginning, forget the middle passage of his Life, and thou wilt, no question, crown his Head. He that made all things of nothing, can of a little make much, and multiply a Mite unto a Magazine, as will easily appear by the succeeding History.

This *Richard Whittington* was so obscurely born, that he could scarcely give account of his Parents or Kindred; and being almost starved in the Country, Necessity compelled him up to *London*, hoping to find more Charity in the City than Country. To Beg he was asham'd, to Steal he did abhor; two Days he spent in gaping upon the Shops and Buildings; feeding his Eyes, but starving his Stomach. At length meer Faintness compell'd him to rest on a Bench before a Merchant's Gate, where he not long sat, but the Owner of the House having occasion of Business in the Town, finding him a poor simple Fellow, and thinking he had no more within him than appear'd without, he demanded of him, Why he loyter'd there, and being able to work, did not apply himself to some lawful Calling; threatening him with the Stocks and Whipping-post. But the poor Man, after making some Bows and Scrapes, desir'd him to pardon him, and told him, That he was a dejected Man, who desired any Employment, how mean or coarse so ever, by which he might relieve his present Necessity, his great Ambition was, but to keep his Body from Nakedness, and his Stomach from Hunger; and told him withal, how long it was since he had tasted Meat or Drink. The Worthy Merchant seeing him a personable Body, and an ingenious Aspect, however both were clouded under a rustick Habit, began some-what to commiserate his estate, and knocking for a servant, bad him take in that Fellow and give him such Victuals as the House afforded; and at his return he would have further Conference with him. The Servant did as he commanded and took him in. The Merchant went to the Exchenge about his Affairs; in which interim poor *Whittington* was had into the Kitchen to warm himself, for faintness, by reason of Hunger and Cold, (for it was then in the Winter-time) had quite rob'd him of his colour. Meat was set before him in plenty, and being bred in the Country, as the old Proveth goeth, *He fed like a Farmer*; and having satisfied himself sufficiently, and warm'd himself to the full, a fresh colour began to come into his Cheeks. At which the Merchant's Daughter (hearing of a new come Guest) came into the Kitchen, and began to question him of divers things concerning the Country, to all which he gave her such modest and sensible Answers, that she took a great liking to him, and so left him.

him. Dinner-time came, and Mr. *Fitzwarren* (for so was the Merchant call'd) came home with a good Stomach, and brought a Friend or two with him from the Exchange; down they set to Meat, and discours'd of many things; mean while the Servants were also at Dinner, who would needs have *Whittington*, (tho' he had so lately broke his Fast) to keep them company: some of them delighting in his Country Speech, others diverting themselves with his suppos'd Simplicity. But to come to the Purpose: The Table being withdrawn in the Parlour, and the Guests departed, and Mr. *Fitzwarren* and his Daughter left alone she being of a good and gentle Disposition began to commend his Charity concerning the poor Man whom he relieved that Morning; to whom he answer'd, *God a-mercy Daughter, thou hast done well to remember me, such a one I sent indeed: But have my Servants done as I commanded them? and where is he now?* Who answer'd him, That she had given Orders that he should stay at Dinner, and not depart the House till he himself had spoken with him. At which they both went into the Hall, and call'd the Fellow before them, who appeared unto them with such a bashful Humility that it seem'd to them both to beg a Charity; - some Language past betwixt them concerning him, which gavethem content: at length they bid him retire. When the Father and the Daughter had some private Conference concerning him, she urged to entertain him into his House, and that there would be some Employment for him either to run or go of Errands, or else to do some Drudgery in the Kitchen, as making of Fires, scouring of Kettles and the like. To whom the Father reply'd, That indeed this Work might be worth his Meat, but he had no Lodging to spare. She again answered, That there were Garrets that were put to no use at all, and in one of them he might conveniently be lodged, without any Trouble.

Well, at length he was admitted, and made a Member of the Family: in which he demeaned himself so well by his willingness to run, or go, or do any Service, how mean soever, that he got the good Will of all the whole Household, only the Kitchen Maid being a curst Quean, and knowing him to be an under Servant to her, domineer'd over him, and used him very coarsly, of which he would never complain, tho' he had cause enough. The Garret in which he lay, by reason it had
been

been long unfrequented was troubled with Rats and Mice, insomuch that he could not sleep in the Night, but they run over his Face and much disturb'd him in his Rest; to prevent which having got a Penny, either for going of an Errand, or for making clean Boots or Shoes, with that he bought a young Cat, which he kept in his Garter, and whatsoever he had from the reversion of the Servants Table, he would be sure to reserve part for her, because he had found by experience, that she had rid him of the former Inconveniencies. The History tells us, that Mr. *Fitzwarren* was so generous, that he never adventured any Ship to Sea, but he would have his Daughter, his Cashier, and every one of his Servants, what or whatsoever to put in something, and to adventure with him, and according to that proportion which they could spare, every one receiv'd to a token at the return of the Ship: His Daughter she begun, the rest follow'd, and the Servants borrow'd out of their Wages; every one according to their abilities; And when they all had done, *Whittington* was remembred and call'd for, and his Master telling him the custom of his House, asked him, What he had to hazard in this adventure? Who reply'd again, He was a poor Man, having nothing in the World, saving the Cloaths upon his Back, but for Money had none at all. Then his Daughter drew out her Purse, and told her Father, That for his Servant *Whittington*, she would lay down whatsoever he would desire. Who answered, That what she had spoken was nothing to the purpose; whatsoever was ventur'd in that kind, must be out of one's proper Goods and Chattels; and again demanded of him, If he had any thing he could call his own, to put to hazard, and charged him deeply concerning this point; who making some needless Legs, told him, That he had nothing he could call his, saving a Cat which he had bought, which he could not spare, because she had done him so many good Offices, and told them every Circumstance before related; which when the Merchant heard, he told him, That he should venture that Commodity, and none else, and charged him to fetch her instantly, for the Ship (which was called the *Unicorn*) was fallen down as low as *Blackwall*, and all their Lading was already aboard. *Whittington*, altho' unwilling to part from so good a Companion, yet being forced by

by his Master's Command, brought her, and (not without Tears) deliver'd her to his Factor, who was partly glad of her, by reason they were troubled with Rats and Mice in the Ship, which not only spoil'd their Victuals but damag'd their Wares.

I must leave the Cat on her Voyage, and honest *Whittington* at Land, who by that curst Quean the Kitchen Maid, was so beaten and abused, that he was as weary of his Life, as of his Service; for she (usurping on his Plainness and Modesty) would be quarrelling with him upon every small or no occasion at all; sometimes beating him with the Broom, sometimes laying him over the Shoulders with a Ladle, Spit, or what came next to her Hand, being of so dogged a Disposition, that she still continued her Cruelty towards him, and therefore he resolv'd with himself to run away, and for that purpose he had bundled up those few Cloaths which he had, and before Day broke, was got as far as *Bunhill*, and there he sat down to consider with himself what Course he had best to take; where by chance (it being *All-hallows-day*) Bow-Church Bells began to ring a merry Peal, and as he apprehended, were tun'd to this Ditty. *Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.*

Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.

This struck such a great Impression on him, that finding how early it was, and that he might get back to his Master's House before any of the Family were stirring, he resolv'd to go back, and found every Thing according to his Wishes; inso-much that when the Household were up, none could challenge him to have been missing. And thus he continued in his Plainness and Honesty, belov'd of all, save the Kitchen-drudge.

I come now to tell you what became of his Adventure: It so happen'd that the Ship was by bad Weather driven on the Coast of *Barbary*, where never any *English*, or scarce any Christian, had ever traded before, where they offer'd their Commodities to Sale. The *Moor*s came down in Multitudes, much taken with the Beauty of the Ship, for they had never seen any of that Bigness before: But when they had taken a View of their Commodities, as Hatchets, Knives, Looking-Glasses, Fish-hooks, &c. but especially their Cloths of various Colours, they brought them Gold in abundance, for it was more plenty with them than Lead with us. The News was soon

soon carried to the King, who sent some of his chief Nobility to bring him some of every Commodity that was in the Ship, which when he saw, they pleased him well, sending for the Master and Factor to Court he bargain'd with them for their whole Lading; nor would he suffer them to depart till he had feasted them royally. The Fashion of the Moors is not to sit at Table, but to have a rich Carpet spread upon the Ground, and when the Meat is served in, the King as well as the rest, sit round about cross-leg'd like Taylors; and in that manner our English are set at the King's Banquet; but the Meat was no sooner served in, but Swarms of Rats and Mice seized upon the Dishes, and snatch'd away the Meat even from the King and Queen's Trenchers: At which the Factor being amazed, asked (by an Interpreter) if they preserved those Vermin for sport, or if they were not troublesome to them? He was answered, That they were the greatest Vexation unto them that could be possible, and by reason of their multitudes they could not be destroyed; but the King would give half his Revenue, if he could but clear the Court of them; not only his Table, but his Bed-Chamber swarming with them, so that he durst not lay down to rest without a Watch about him, to keep 'em off his Pillow. To which the Factor reply'd, That they had a Beast aboard, which he made no doubt would rid them of all those Vermin. Which being told the King, he rose from his place, and embracing the Factor, told him, If he could shew him such a Creature, he would ballance his Vessel with Silver and lade her with Gold and Pearl. Who apprehending the Occasion, made very coy of the Business, telling him, it was a Creature of great Value and not common; besides they could not spare her from the Ship, in regard when they were asleep yet she was still waking, to preserve their Merchandize and Provision from the like Spoil. The more daintly he made of the Matter, the more earnest the King was for this Beast; insomuch, that she was presently sent for, and a second Feast prepared, when the Rats and Mice appearing as they did before, the Merchant having the Cat under his Cloak, the King desired to see the Thing he had so much commended; when presently casting her among them, she no sooner saw these Vermin, but she fell on them with such Fury, that here lay one
panting,

panting, there another quite dead, nor left them till she had frighted and dispers'd the whole Number; but such as she seiz'd their Carcasses lay there as Witnesses of their unexpected Slaughter. Great Pleasure took the King and Nobility in the Sport, vowing that the hunting of the Lion was not equal to it. One began to praise her for her Colour, another for her Valour; one said she had the Countenance of a Lion, and every one gave his Sentence. When the Cat finding no more Work to do, went round to the King and Queen, purring and curling, which they apprehended to be, as if she required of them what she had deserved for her late Service.

In short, no Price could part them, and the rather when the Factor had told the King that she was with Kittens, and that her Brood would in a few Years furnish the whole Kingdom; so that *Whittington's* Cat surmounted all the Ship's Lading beside; with which unexpected Gain we bring them safe into *England*; the Master and some other Officers went to Mr. *Fitzwarren's* to give account of the Voyage. But these Caskets of Jewels and Pearls, with other unvaluable Riches, which were given for the Cat, they caused to be brought along, not daring to trust them in the Ship. The Bills of lading, and the benefit of the return of the Commodities being viewed and considered by the Owner, he praised God for so prosperous a Voyage; and called his Servants, and gave Order, that according to their Adventures every one should receive his Portion. At length casting his Eye on these rich Caskets and Cabinets, he asked, to whose Share they belonged? Who whispered him in the Ear, and said, to poor *Whittington*, relating every Particular: To whom Mr. *Fitzwarren* reply'd, *If they be his, God forbid I should keep from him the least that is his Right*; and commanded him to be sent for by the Name of Mr. *Whittington*. The Servants knowing nothing of the Business, went to him in the Kitchen, where he was then doing his daily Drudgery, and told him he must come to his Master presently into the Parlour. The poor Man excused himself that his Shoes were dirty, and the Room was rub'd. But still the Master call'd for Mr. *Whittington*, till he was brought before him, and having scrap'd a few Legs, he took him by the Hand, and called for a Chair for Mr. *Whittington*: His Daughter, the Captain, and Factor,

saluted him by the Name of Mr. *Whittington*, and forced him to sit down ; he wondering what this should mean, desir'd them not to mock a poor simple Man, who meant no Harm, &c. and wept, desiring them not to deride his Poverty ; for his Ambition was never to come so high as from the Kitchen to the Hall, much less from the Hall to the Parlour.

Then came his Master to him seriously and said, *Indeed Mr. Whittington, we are in good Earnest, for you are at this Time a much better Man than myself*, shewing him the Cabinets, and how richly they were lin'd. When he perceived by all their earnest Asseverations that all was true, he first fell down upon his Knees, and gave God most hearty Thanks, who out of his great Bounty would vouchsafe to cast an Eye upon so poor and wretched a Creature as himself : Then turning to his Master, he presented all his Riches before him, and told him, That all he had was at his service ; who answer'd him, That for his own part, God had lent him sufficient, neither would he take from him the value of one Ducket. He came next, and with a low Leg saluted his Mistress, and told her That when she was pleased to make choice of a Husband, he would make her the richest Marriage in *London*, because she was so willing, out of her own Purse, (when he was penniless) to lay out for his Adventure. To the Pilot and Master, and every Officer and common Sailor, he gave liberally according to their degree, even to the Ship-boy, and then to every Servant of the House ; nay to the very Kitchen-Wench, who was so churlish to him, and had so often basted him instead of their Meats, having caused her to be called to him, he gave a Hundred Pounds towards her Marriage. This being done, Cloaths and Linen of the best were sent for, and his Lodging in the Garret, was changed into the best Chamber of the House. And when the Barber had been with him and the rest, to make him compleat in his Habit, there was a strange and sudden Metamorphosis ; for out of a smoaky and dirty Kitchen-drudge, there appeared a proper and well proportioned Man, and a genteel Merchant, insomuch that his young Mistress began to cast a more amorous Eye upon him than before, which not a little pleased her Father who intended a Match betwixt them. The Report of this great Adventure was soon noised through the City, insomuch that

that his Master intreated his late Servant to walk with him to the Exchange to see the Fashion of the Merchants, which he did; where all of them came about him and saluted him; desiring of him better and further Acquaintance: Some commended him for his Person, others for his modest Answers and discreet Carriage.

Within a few Weeks the Match was propounded betwixt Mr. *Whittington* and Miss. *Alice*, and willingly entertained by both, and not without great Cost, with the Invitation of the Lord Mayor, and Aldermen, very nobly celebrated; and the Bridegroom by this means had got acquaintance with the best. After this, his Father-in-law demanded of his Son, what he purposed to take in hand (his Freedom being offer'd him) Who answer'd, That since God had blest him in his small adventure, he would not leave it off, but prove his goodness in greater, and that his purpose was to turn Merchant, which reply gave him no small content, in regard he knew the best amongst them would be glad to have the Society of so hopeful a Citizen, which he continu'd, adventuring in divers Bottoms with his Father, and had very prosperous Returns.

The Time being come when he was prick't for Sheriff, he modestly refused, as unable to take so great a Charge, and would have paid his Fine, which his Father-in-law would not suffer, at whose Persuasions he took the Place, in which he behav'd so well, that he left it with a general Love and Approbation, insomuch that the Eye of the whole City was fixt on him, in expectation of what a profitable Member he might tuturely prove. This happened in the Year of our Lord 1493.

In the Year 1497, and 21st of the King's Reign, Sir *Richard Whittington* was Lord Mayor of *London*, and held his Place with great Reputation and Honour: At this Time there was much Discontent in the Kingdom, by reason of Differences betwixt the King and Commons; the Circumstances whereof are too long to relate; only one Thing is worthy of Observation, Whether by his Adventures or no, may it be questioned, bringing yearly such Store of Gold, Silks, Velvets, Diamonds, Jewels, &c. into the Kingdom, might be the Cause of that extravagant Pride in Apparel which was used in those Days. As *Hardin*, *Fabran*, and others have left to Memory, in that

Year of his Mayoralty, and after, there resorted to the King's Court at their Pleasures daily, at the least 10,000 Persons. In his Kitchen were 300 Servitors, and in every Office according to that rate. Moreover, of Ladies, Chamber-Maids and Landresses, above 300, and they all exceeded in costly Apparel, far above their Degrees; even the Yeomen and Grooms were cloathed in Silks, and Velvets, with Imbroidery, rich Furs, and Goldsmith's Work, devising very strange and new Fashions.

Again, in 1496, and in the 8th of *Henry IV.* Sir *Richard Whittington* was a second Time Lord Mayor. And in 1499, being the 7th of *Henry V.* he again supply'd the Pretorship: And which is more remarkable of him than of any other, he was once Sheriff, and three times Lord Mayor of this Honourable City, in three several Reigns.

Now to cut off all Circumstances, and come close to the matter, we may easily find what this Man was, by the pious Acts done in his Life to the City's present Grace, Use and Benefit, and to his own blessed Memory: In the *Vintry-Ward* he built a Church, and dedicated it to St. *Michael*, calling it *Pater-noster in the Royal*, and added to it a College, founded to St. *Mary*, and placed therein a President and four Fellows, besides yearly Allowances to Clerks and Scholars, near which he erected an Hospital, which he called *God's House*, for thirteen poor Men, and these, according to the Superstition of those Days, were to pray for the Souls of his Father-in-law, *Hugh Fitzwarren*, and Dame *Molde* his Wife, for whom he erected a fair Tomb in the Church he before built, leaving also a place for himself, and Dame *Alice* his Lady, when it should please God to call them. In which Place they were afterwards, according to their Decree, very honorably interred, great Lamentation being made for him by the Commons of the City. He builded another brave Structure, which he called after his own Name, *Whittington-College*, with a perpetual Allowance for Divinity-Lectures to be read there forever; leaving good Land for the Maintenance thereof. And on the West Side of the City he built that famous Gate and Prison, to this Day called *Newgate*, and thereupon caused the Merchant's Arms to be graven in Stone. He added to St. *Bartholomew's* Hospital, and was at the Charge of repairing thereof.

Further,

Further, at *Grey-Fryars* in *London*, he erected a Library, as a Testimony of the great Love he had for Learning. Also, that Place which is called the *Sticks* to this Day, a good House of Stone which served for a *Flesh-Market*, and a *Fish-Market*, greatly beneficial to the City. Besides, he enlarged *Guild Hall*, and glazed most or all of the Windows at his own Cost, paving the Hall, and contributing largely to the Library, adding to those places a Conduit, which yieldeth store of wholesome Water, to the general good.

Moreover, It is recorded, that in time of this worthy Pretor, Sir R. Whittington, the glorious City of *Constantinople* was taken by *Mahomet*, the second Prince of the *Turks*, whose Soldiers sacked it with all Extremity, and omitted no manner of Violence to either Virgins, Women or Babes. This Sir Rich. Whittington had Traffick from thence by his Factors which there abode, and were then taken Prisoners: so that he lost near Fifteen Thousand Pounds; which when he heard of, was not so much as cast down or dismay'd, but said, *God will send more*. In the Year of our Lord 1419, in which Sir R. Whittington was the third time inaugurated into the Mayoralty, as before mentioned, King *Henry* the Fifth, who having conquered the greatest part of *France*, and espoused *Katharine* sole Daughter to the King, and Heir to the Crown, taking leave of his Father-in-law, embarked with his Royal Bride, and landed at *Dover* upon *Candlemas* Day, leaving in *France* for his Deputy his Brother, the Duke of *Clarence*: from thence arrived at *London*, the fourteenth, Day of *February*, and the Queen came thither the one and twentieth Day of the same Month, being met upon *Blackbeath* by the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, and three Hundred Citizens, in Gold Chains, and costly Habits, with other sumptuous and brave Devices, as Pageants, Speeches and Shows, to the great Delight and Content of their most sacred Majesties.

I come now to discourse of Sir Richard Whittington's Invitation of the King and Queen into the City, where he bountifully feasted them at his own House, and at his own proper Cost and Charge.

How great and magnificent the *Londoners* Feasts be even amongst themselves, especially at that high and pompous Festival

Festival at *Guild-Hall*, the Day after *Simon and Jude*, at the solemn Inauguration of the Lord Mayor, who but knows? As also the ordinary Tables of the Lord-Mayor and Sheriffs, where there is free and generous Entertainment for all Men of Fashion and Quality; the like both for plenty of Dishes, and order of Service is not elsewhere to be found thro' *Europe*: If then their daily Provision be so costly, what may we think their Variety and Rarity was at the entertainment of two such great Majesties: I must therefore leave it to the Reader's Imagination, being so far transcending Expression: Let it therefore give satisfaction to any one that doubts thereof, that it was performed to the everlasting Reputation of the Inviter, the Honour of the City, and Content of those Royal Personages invited. I shall now speak of the Fire which he made in the Presence-chamber, where the King and Queen then dined, which was only of sweet and odoriferous Wood, far exceeding the smell of Juniper; for it was mixed with Mace, Cinnamon, and other costly Spices, which did cast such a pleasant Savor, that it pleased his Majesty to call him unto him, and say, *My good Lord-Mayor, though your Fare be choice, costly and abundant, yet above all Things I have observed in your Noble Entertainment, this Fire which you have provided for me, gives me most Content.*

To whom Sir Richard Whittington made Answer, *It much rejoiceth me, Dread Sovereign, that any Thing that remaineth in my Power, can give your Highness the least Cause to be pleased: but since you praise this Fire already made, I purpose e're your Sacred Majesty depart, to entertain you with one, (I hope) that shall content you much better.* The King not thinking it could be possible, desired him to make a Proof thereof: when he (having before provided himself for that purpose) brought a great Bundle of Bonds, Indentures, and Covenants under his Arm, said thus to the King, *Royal Sovereign, to whom I owe both my Fortunes and my Life, I have here a Fagot on purpose left for this Fire, which I hope will smell much more sweetly than the first in your Nestrils: For, saith he, here is first your Highness's Security for ten Thousand Marks lent you for the Maintainance of your Royal Wars of France, by the Right Worshipful Company of the Mercers, which I here cancel, and cast into the Fire: Fifteen Hundred lent by the City to your Majesty, I send after the former; Two Thousand Marks borrowed*
of

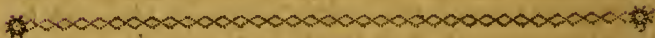
of the Grocers Company, three Thousand of the Skinners, one Thousand of the Iron-mongers, one Thousand of the Merchant-staplers, of the Goldsmiths three Thousand, of the Haberdashers as much, of the Vintners, Brewers, and Brown-bakers, three Thousand Marks. All these you see are cancel'd and burnt, saith he, with divers other Bonds for Money lent by my Father-in-law, Alderman Fitzwarren, for the Payment of your Soldiers in France; which come unto me by Executorship, I have taken in and discharged. Others there are likewise due to me of no small Sums, by divers of your Nobility here present, all which with the former, I have sacrific'd to the Love and Honour of my Dread Sovereign, amounting to the Sum of three Score Thousand Pounds Sterling: And can your Majesty (saith he) desire to sit by a Fire of more sweet Scent and Savor? At this the King was much extasy'd, and the rather because it came unexpectedly, and from so free a Spirit, and embracing him in his Arms, said to him, That he thought never King had such a Subject, and at his Departure, did him all the Grace and Honour that could descend from a King to a Subject, promising him moreover, That he should ever stand in the first Rank of those whom he favoured. And so the Lord Mayor bearing the Sword before their two most sacred Majesties as far as *Temple-bar*; the King for his former Service, and his kind and loving Entertainment at that time, and the Noble-men for that extraordinary Courtesie offered them, all unitedly and unanimously commended his Goodness, applauded his Bounty, and wished that he might live to perpetual Memory, and so bid him and all his for that time adieu.

To omit all other Circumstances; having acquainted you with the poor and mean Estate of this Sir R. *Whittington*, when he came first into the City of *London*, and by what means was relieved in his miserable Poverty; as also the fortunate Success of his small Adventure, whereby he was raised unto so great Honour that he became a City's Governour, and how discreetly and wisely he behav'd himself in his Authority and Office, gaining thereby the Love and Probation of all Men: And further, having shew'd you what goodly Buildings have been raised by his great Cost and Charge; as one Church, two Colleges, and certain Alms-houses, with yearly Means left for the Maintenance of all such as shall be admitted into them; and

and many other charitable Acts performed by him, which are to the great good and benefit of the City.

I will now conclude with Mr. Stow; ‘O that London had a Park near adjoining to it stored with such Deer; as doubtless it hath, tho’ not easily known. for some build Alms-houses, Free-Schools, Causeways, and Bridges, in needful Places; others repair ruin’d and decay’d Churches, relieving Hospitals in a bountiful Manner, and are weekly Benefactors to Prisoners, and those performed by such Agents faithfully, that the true Bestowers are not publickly noted, however they may be easily supposed; but the Glory they seek to evade here, will (no doubt) for ever shine on them else-where.”

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